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Some *Mósiro* Folk-Tales, Folk-Lore and Superstitions

"*Epilte dimda hitiò*" [1]

Thus answered a *Mósiroi* Dorobo whom I rallied on his silence and attitude of strained attention during a halt by the wayside when on safari in the remoter areas of the Tanganyika Masai Reserve.

The bush and what can be wrested from it—wood for his bow and arrows, honey for his wife and children and for barter, the bark of the *Ol-mukutan* [2] tree, fibre for plaiting into his hair, and last (but most important of all) the skins and the meat of game animals—these things bound the horizon of the Dorobo. It is therefore not to be wondered at that such folk-lore tales as exist among the Dorobo at the present time are chiefly concerned with animals and animal life. Similarly, the paramount interest in life of the Masai is apparent from a study of the extant folk-tales of that tribe, which deal, to a great extent, with cattle and other domestic stock. The tales one hears told to-day are, in all probability, but a few of the more easily-remembered of a host of stories now forgotten for all time.

The following examples have been selected from a large number of stories told by the *Mósiro* themselves and admitted by the Masai to be Dorobo in origin.

The Dikdik and the Elephant.—The dikdik, when out walking in the bush one day, chanced to fall over a piece of elephant-dung in his path. This made him very angry and he said: "Thus am I incommoded by the dung of the elephant! I am so small that I cannot hope to inconvenience him in like manner, but I will arrange for all the members of my tribe to come and make use of one place, and thus in time the heap may grow big enough to trip a passing elephant." This is the reason why piles of dikdik-dung, showing that many of these animals have used the same place, are often seen in the middle of a bush path. (A story very like this is told by certain Coastal tribes.)

The Tortoise, the Hare and the Hyæna.—These three made an agreement to rob a rich snake. The latter had cattle and

[1] "I am listening to something in the bush." Cf. the Masai *En-dim*, bush.

[2] *Albizzia anthelmintica*, according to the authority quoted in Hollis. It is used as a remedy for worms and to produce a large appetite. It is highly prized by the Masai and is scarce in the Kittito localities.

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supported the roof with his fore-paws, for he had no tusks. Whereupon the wart-hog said: 'You are stronger than me. Hold up the roof with all your might while I run out for some timber to prop it up.' The lion, flattered, agreed, and the wart-hog ran out and quickly made his escape."

(History does not relate how long the lion remained holding up the roof before he realised that he had been duped by the cunning wart-hog. This story is very popular and is always received with roars of laughter.)[1]

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The Dorobo plays the part of buffoon or low comedian in many Masai folk-tales.[2] The Dorobo themselves are well aware of this and regard it as a huge joke. A tale told by a Masai in which a Dorobo figures in an absurd light generally elicits hearty applause from the Dorobo present. I select the following example.

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The Dorobo and the Cow.—The Dorobo is an impatient man. Once he was given a cow, and some days afterwards this cow was crossed by a bull. The Dorobo waited a month. Then he waited another month. He tried to milk the cow, but no milk would come. He thereupon said: "What sort of a cow is this? It will not give birth; it has no milk; it is altogether unsatisfactory." He then went away to sleep, saying: "Perhaps it will have given birth by the time it is morning." In the morning, all was as it had been before and the efforts of the Dorobo to milk the cow met with no more success. The Dorobo, who was determined at least to obtain milk, thereupon seized his knife and split up the cow's udder (for all Dorobo are impatient men), but no milk came, and his knife penetrating too deeply, the intestines of the cow fell out and it died. The Dorobo was very surprised and said: "This is a bad kind of cow and I do not understand it." He then proceeded to eat the meat until it was all finished.

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I was surprised to discover so little resemblance between *Mósiro* folk-lore and folk-tales and those of the Nandi as given in Sir Claud Hollis's book. There is more affinity between the *Mósiro* and the Masai in this respect. This may perhaps be explained by the comparatively long period the *Mósiro* must

[1] [Some Bantu tribes tell it of the Hare.—A. W.]
[2] For further examples of this see Hollis.

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have lived in the country of the Kitêto Masai, since they are stated to have been the precursors of the Masai in this part of the world.

I was unable to elicit any folk-tales from the *Aramanik*, who say that they know no stories or legends except those they have learned from the Masai. It is possible that further efforts in this direction might meet with better success. The *Aramanik* are not as friendly or as ready to discuss their own affairs as are the cheerful, happy-go-lucky *Mósiro*.

Many Masai superstitions and superstitious practices are to be found among the Dorobo. There are, however, certain customs and observances of a superstitious nature practised only by the Dorobo. Of the following three examples, the last two given are in this category.

The *Mósiro* will not kill a python. They say it is a hunter of meat, as are they themselves. Furthermore, if it be killed, the ground where it dies and where its blood is split is ever afterwards fatal to cattle grazing there.[1] No explanation is given of this, and it would seem worthy of note that the Dorobo are exceptionally quick and skilful killers of all other snakes.

When following a native path or a road, if a Dorobo comes to the place where the track of a snake crosses the path, he will never step over it without first kicking up the sand or earth in order to break the continuity of the snake's track. This is done in order to avert evil, and is stated to be the only efficacious way of ensuring that the snake in question will not eventually kill the man who has crossed its path.[2]

If a Dorobo has been robbed and if the thief cannot be found, the following procedure is sometimes resorted to. The man who has suffered the loss heats his sword in the fire until it is red and then, plunging it into the earth, he says: "The thief shall die to-morrow." This is regarded as a very bad practice and is seldom indulged in, as the injured party, no matter how much he may have lost, knows that he will become extremely unpopular as a result of his action.

It seems likely that in a few years' time there will be no *Balaâga* and no *Kisyalaâgai* Dorobo. As I have said elsewhere, it is now almost impossible to find *Balaâga* or *Kisya-*

[1] See Hollis: *The Masai*, p. 80. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 79.

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695 besides the ordeals, the bier test also prevails as a means of convicting the one accused. In contrast to the Masai, here the innocent one accused receives no compensation.

562 694 695 Women may appear as witnesses before the court, but they are not entitled to make a complaint; rather, their husbands make the complaint for them.

672 934 Here, too, the mentally ill occupy an exceptional position in legal matters, /264/ in that they remain unpunished for offenses that are atoned for by fines. They are not chained, but are allowed to go about freely, and, as long as they are harmless, they are given shelter and food. This is denied to the mentally ill who are dangerous, because of which they quickly perish.

XVI.

000 The story of the discovery of arrow poison. -- Other stories and fables.

• 538 The stories of the Wandorobo describe for the most part their own hunting experiences, especially, of course, those of a peculiar nature and with large, dangerous game. It is probably to be taken for granted that in this "hunter's yarns" also run through them.

The Discovery of Arrow Poison

539 224 298 411 A poor widow, whom no one wanted to take in and feed, roamed steppe and bush daily, in order to appease her hunger miserably with roots, berries, and tree bark. One day she chewed on a small piece of bark that was distinguished by a very bad taste. Soon afterwards vomiting set in so violently that she was sick for a few days. She thought: "I should probably have died if I had eaten any more of it; since I can not hunt game, perhaps I can kill it with this." When she was well again, she went with her pot to the place in the steppe where in a rocky basin there was water to which the wild animals came to drink. Here, for several days in succession, she boiled the wood of the poison bush and kept pouring the liquid into the little pool. Finally one morning she found ten dead buffalo lying in its